

## LIVED AT HOTELS BECAUSE SHE HAD NO MONEY

Mrs. Hamilton Tells Why  
She Chose \$75 Suite  
at Victoria.

SAME AT ST. GEORGE.

At "End of Resources," Says  
Pretty Woman Accused  
of "Beating."

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton or Mrs. Myrtle Baddour, as she is alternately known, herself expressing a preference for the latter cognomen, was arraigned before Magistrate Cornell in Jefferson Market Court today, charged with cheating the Hotel Victoria out of a board bill of \$75, which had been incurred during one week's stay at the Nebraska hotel of herself, a colored maid and her two little children, aged four years, and fifteen months respectively.

The hotel persons present to press the charge blockaded the bridge in front of the Magistrate's desk. When it had been cleared, Manager Keogh said he did not want to proceed on his own initiative, but wanted to know what the Court intended to do with the woman. After a conference between Mrs. Hamilton, the staff of hotel people and Andrew Hanley, employed by the Victoria to chase down recalcitrant guests, and who arrested the woman at No. 23 West Twenty-second street last night, Mrs. Hamilton's lawyer asked the Court to adjourn the case till Friday, which was done, the woman being paroled. Mrs. Hamilton explained that by that time she would have communicated with friends and paid the bill.

Says Baddour Neglected Family.  
Mrs. Hamilton created a sensation when she swept into the dirty courtroom. Tall and gracefully slender, she was garbed all in black. She told a reporter that she had posed for "best seller" illustrations in the character of a penniless heroine of society novels. That, she said, was before she met George Baddour, of a Third Avenue drug firm.

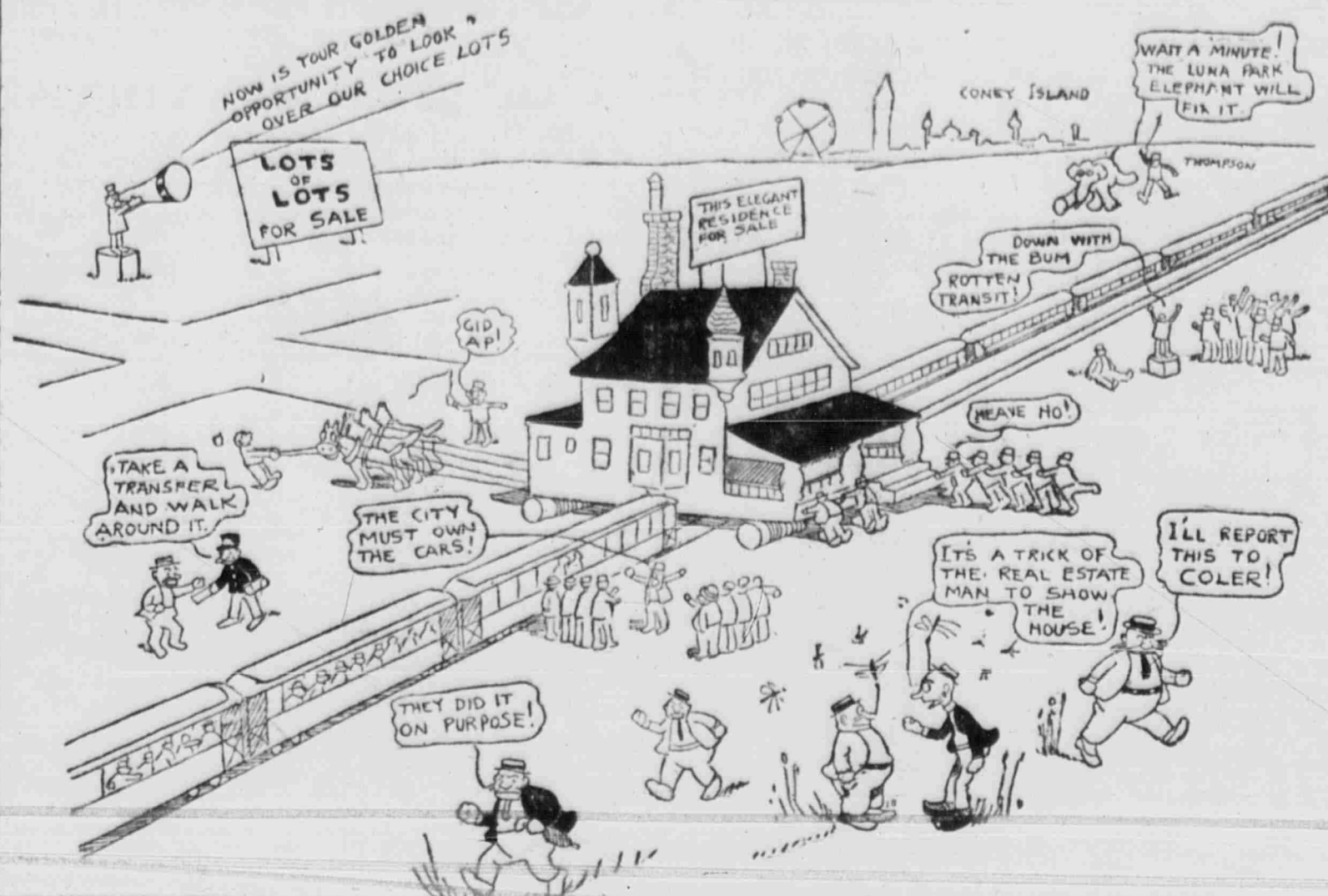
"While I was not legally married to him," she said, "he promised me to always care for me and his two little girls. This is the way he has kept his word. I went to the St. George, and later to the Hotel Victoria, because I was literally at the end of my resources. I communicated with my parents when Baddour deserted me, but so far I have received no response. "I came to this country with a theatrical company six years ago and met Mr. Baddour while dining with a party of friends at a 'white light' restaurant. He promised to marry me and to start me in a show of my own. At his request I left the stage for the time, but pose" for several artists who thought my style of beauty ideal for drawings of the modern society girl.

Her "Alimony" Cut Off.  
"All this time Mr. Baddour supported me. However, he never kept his promise to marry me, not even when my first little girl was born four years ago. After my youngest child's birth he grew colder and colder. A few months ago he told me he loved me no longer, but would continue to provide for me. When the payments suddenly ceased I did not know what to do. I gave up the flat we had been living in and went to the Victoria Hotel after leaving the St. George, while I waited to hear from him. His parents refused to see me when I asked their help, and I was driven to do what I did. Had I not left the hotel and secured cheaper rooms I might have owed the money. Mrs. Hamilton said she had written to a wealthy uncle in Brooklyn, who, she said, would come to her assistance. She added that when her affairs were straightened out she would return to her former occupation of posing for magazine illustrations.

## BOY PLUNGES TO DEATH IN ELEVATOR SHAFT.

Hundreds of clerks and brokers diving through the shafts that pass for streets in the financial district forgot their hurry today and formed a morbid, pushing, shoving mob about the doors of the National Bank of Commerce at No. 61 Nassau street when they saw the ambulance at the curb and heard that a man had killed himself by jumping from a window. But it was not a man, it was a boy—a little messenger boy, and he had died instantly, after a fall of five stories down an elevator shaft. He was lying crumpled and broken in the bottom of the deep hole with a policeman standing by and a swarm of men peering over the policeman's shoulder at the mangled body. The victim was Hyman Dorfman, and he worked for the A. D. T. For his age, which was eighteen years, he was undersized and weak.

## "House on the Track" is the Latest of the Many Troubles of the B. R. T.



## HOUSE ON TRACK TIES UP CARS ON BATH BEACH LINE

Movers Left It There and  
Commuters Had to  
Walk Round.

The B. R. T. today scored the one best bit of its eccentric summer career. A line of Bath Beach and Ulmer Park trains were held up. Not for double fare, nor even for the usual rollicking live wire. Nothing so hackneyed. The B. R. T. humorist was at his best.

There was a house on the track. Contractors are moving a big frame dwelling across New Utrecht avenue, near Fifty-eighth street. At 8 A. M. they managed to roll it dead against the double line of the car tracks. The workmen presumably chose that happy moment for introducing the quaint Oriental custom of going east to buy a drink. For the house rested peacefully on the rails and became the nucleus for an accumulative double line of trains. Then it began to rain. The B. R. T. humorist never does things by halves.

The B. R. T. humorist never does things by halves. The first New York bound train to reach the spot. Brakes jarred down and the guards shouted the house-keeping phonetic. "About a half a mile ahead!"

Trained Cold Water First.  
Mrs. Heim started her campaign last week when she rapidly rising wall began to shut off the windows of the ground floor apartment in which she lived. At first the workmen were treated to painful cold water, which they thought were poured by mischievous boys. Then the hot water began to splash down on them. Every time a steaming shower fell on them they would dodge away and look up, but they could not discover their persecutor. Yesterday the wall had completely shut off the first floor windows. Then Mrs. Heim tried to get the water, too, was boiling hot and the workmen dared not stand under it. The cause of the trouble, for she leaned out of the window and laughed at them below. "Can't we put about on another tack and cross her bow?" suggested Connelly, the least while of the men. "I was warning you in the storm and lightning along the wet ditch, skirting the offending edifice, until they reached the pleasantly crowded 'train ahead'."

Paul Gould, of the Commuters' Association, was last to go. He carried vainly for a transfer around the house until Vice-President Grant Jackson, a canny Scot, soothed him with the comforting solace: "Dinna fash yourself! Dye ken how mickle worse 'twould a been if they'd tried to move you own yer own home structure across Brooklyn Bridge instead?"

The rain and the house were still plugging the B. R. T.'s came when the last Gravesend Bay commuter came to town this morning.

## WOMAN POURS BOILING WATER UPON WORKMEN

Perched on High Window  
Ledge, Mrs. Heim Tries  
to Drive Them Off.

Cheered on by a crowd of 1,000 persons gathered at Third Avenue and One Hundred and Sixty-seventh street, Mrs. Mary Heim today sat perched on the ledge of the fifth-story window of her apartment-house at No. 75 East One Hundred and Sixty-seventh street and sprinkled boiling water on workmen who were building a wall that would shut off the light on one side of her house. This is the fifth day of her active campaign, and while the police reserves are necessary to keep the crowd in order and Contractor Thomas Quinn has been bustling about the police station and the Westchester Court, Mrs. Heim has been busy at her window. This is the fifth day of her active campaign, and while the police reserves are necessary to keep the crowd in order and Contractor Thomas Quinn has been bustling about the police station and the Westchester Court, Mrs. Heim has been busy at her window.

Mrs. Heim is a stout, black-haired woman of fifty or so and owns the apartment-house Sidenia, where she lives. Quinn, who lives at No. 108 Jackson avenue, is trying to build a three-story office building, a meeting of all the residents of the Sidenia. Hence the merry war.

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## FONETIK SPELN MAY BE TORT IN AR SKULS

Superintendent Maxwell  
Is Asked to Introduce  
Carnegese.

It was officially announced today that William H. Maxwell, superintendent of New York's public schools, had accepted membership in the Simplified Spelling Board, and in consequence the phonetic idea may be adopted in the temples of public learning within his jurisdiction.

Before such a move can be made, however, Supt. Maxwell will be compelled to submit the matter to the various principals, who will feel the pulse of the fathers and mothers of the pupils reading the move. Mr. Maxwell is not in the city. At his office in the Board of Education Hall, Fifty-ninth street and Park avenue, it was said today that he was in Europe on his vacation and would return next week. In his absence Edward B. Shallow, acting superintendent, is acting as secretary.

A reporter for The Evening World Mr. Shallow today said Mr. Maxwell had long been an advocate of the Carnegie Board of Spelling and was not astonished that he had entered the Board.

A few weeks before the superintendent started on his vacation, a meeting of all the residents of the Sidenia. Hence the merry war.

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## RUSSIAN TROOPS ASKED TO AVENGE MURDER OF MIN

Call to Regiment of Slain  
General to Make War  
on Terrorists.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 29.—The Semenovskiy Regiment has received a copy of a resolution adopted by the "League of the Russian People," expressing the hope that the regiment will not fail to avenge the murder of Gen. Min.

The Liberal papers welcome the semi-official statement made yesterday in behalf of the Government to the effect that it would be a great mistake to suppose that revolutionary terrorism will be met by terrorism on the part of the Government, and adding that the Cabinet intends to continue in the path of reform.

But the papers plainly manifest their distrust of whether the Ministry will be able to master the situation by the publication of the ukase providing for the distribution of land to the peasants. Some of the papers, however, hail the announcement as being a distinct concession from the position which the Government took two months ago.

The Russian extends the ukase as being the Emperor's gift of land to the people and for which the latter should be thankful, as the price of land is rapidly increasing. The imperial income is estimated at \$2,843,000.

Official statistics of the terrorism of last week show that 191 officials, gentlemen, police, etc., were killed; ninety-two were wounded; 281 private persons were killed or wounded; thirty-four individual institutions were robbed of \$30,815 and State institutions of \$4,981. Besides this there were over one hundred and fifty armed attempts to rob banks, houses, etc.

George W. Wharton, of No. 1 Madison avenue, secretary of the Simplified Spelling Board, was formerly Mr. Maxwell's secretary. Recently he furnished the superintendent with a list of three hundred words which he thought should be spelled in the phonetic way, and Mr. Maxwell has studied them industriously ever since. Several times he spoke with Prof. Butler, of Columbia University, who is also a fervent advocate of the innovation.

He said with a twinkle in her eye, "Of course, if the name get underneath I can't help it. I want to keep my house clean and I intend to do so." "It's an outrage, this wall, and my lawyer is going to get an injunction if he can. My tenants are moving out because they don't want to have their light and air cut off. I bought the bathhouse from the builder nine years ago. Now, if this office building goes up next door it will injure the value of my investment. I don't care what the contractor does; I'm going to stand by my rights."

## LAUNCH SUNK BY FERRY-BEAT AND TWO ARE DROWNED

One Perishes in Sight of  
Helpless Passengers  
on Red Bank.

VESSEL OVERTURNED.

Fate of Others in Craft Not  
Yet Known—She Was  
the Hudson.

Two men dived from the naphtha launch Hudson, in North River, early today, when that vessel was run down by the ferry-boat Red Bank, of the Jersey Central line, and were drowned. One of them struggled in the water for at least ten minutes, begging those on board the big boat to save his life. The other man sank from sight when the ferry-boat crashed against the launch.

The drowned men were Frederick Beahy, of No. 61 Willow avenue, Hoboken, who owned the launch, and his brother-in-law, Norman Southern, of the same address. Their bodies were recovered near the Hookman slip today. They had left Hoboken at midnight to go to Fort Albany, where they had business to transact early today.

The Red Bank, leaving her New York slip at 1 o'clock and in charge of Capt. Stevenson, was within one hundred feet of her slip in Jersey City when, fifty or more passengers who were crowded on her front deck saw a dark object in the water directly in the path of the big boat.

The passengers saw that the object was a boat—a large launch—which was being carried by the tide. There was no light on the boat and it was plain that she had broken down.

"Look out there!" came the cry from the launch.

Passengers Sound Warning.  
Instantly the passengers began to yell for the Red Bank to come to a stop. The big boat kept on her way. It is said that the cries of the passengers could not be heard by the pilot and captain.

As the Red Bank came upon the launch it was seen that the curtains of the smaller boat were drawn. At the same instant a man climbed to the side of the launch and as the ferry-boat crashed against it he dived off into the water. Some of the passengers saw the man. As the launch sank from the curving launch and sank in the waves.

The crash of the boats caused Capt. Stevenson to reverse his wheel, and the Red Bank churned through the water and stopped. One of the men who had dived from the launch was seen to swim to the side of the ferry-boat. He was within fifty feet of the Red Bank and was fighting hard to get close to her when his strength seemed to give out.

"Hurry! Hurry!" he cried, and even as he spoke he sank from sight. W. D. Johnson, of No. 117 West Fifty-eighth street, was one of the passengers who kept his head.

"Throw that man a life-preserver," he commanded. "The deckhand threw the preserver, but it did not come within ten feet of the man in the water when he rose to the surface."

"I'm going," shouted the drowning man. "I'm going!"

The Red Bank then made her slip, and a towboat was sent for the launch, now almost submerged. The launch was towed ashore, and clothes of men were found in her bottom.

Johnson was an expert swimmer and oarsman. He was a member of the Amateur Boat Club of Hoboken and rowed in many races to which his crew was victorious. He had several medals for swimming. His friends believe he was killed before he had a chance to try to save himself.

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Main Floor—Best 5c  
Oranges—Glass... 5c

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The New Stocks Are Ready, and  
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These Bargains:

Black Sateen Waists  
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Entire fronts trimmed with  
plaits. Backs have clusters  
of pin tucks. Long sleeves,  
with deep tucked  
cuffs and tucked  
collars. at... 69c

Women's Waists. Linene Waists.  
In smart and popular styles. Made of  
silk finish material. Entire fronts  
neatly trimmed with silk embroidery  
and half-inch plaits. Plaited  
backs, new sleeves, lace  
trimmed collars and  
cuffs. at... \$1.98

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More of those Pop-  
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and \$3.00 Oxford  
Ties that you get  
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JUST the Oxfords you  
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ily made of good, well-tanned  
leathers. Colors and leathers  
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Sizes 2 1/2 to 7 and widths C  
to EE. EVERY PAIR A  
NEW PAIR, AND EVERY  
PAIR IS HIGH GRADE.

WOMEN'S WHITE LINEN OX-  
FORD TIES, \$1.00 and \$1.25  
kinds. Fords or Cuban  
heels; sizes 2 1/2 to 7, pair... 69c

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FORD TIES, \$1.25 and \$1.50  
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Little Enough Money, but You  
Get a Suit Made to  
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THE materials you want in a Suit for present  
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Blue Serges—Fast Color  
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And one of the remarkable features of this offer-  
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Colors are dark rather than prominent, and the  
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Cut in the style that will prevail dur-  
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Women's Fall Suits  
A Most Engaging Gathering of Smart  
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THE woman who is planning to buy a  
Tailored Suit in the newest, most par-  
ticularly attractive style will find this new par-  
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One of the early leaders is a suit at \$8.98.  
These Suits

Are Made of Fancy  
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New Jacket styles with coat collars and  
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The skirts are 9  
gored kilted mod-  
els. The price is

\$8.98

The New Norfolk  
Jacket Styles.

These Suits are trimmed with  
straps of same material. Inlaid  
velvet coat collars, new sleeves,  
turn-back cuffs. Novelty but-  
tons, belt, lined throughout with  
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neatly plaited and kilted. Materi-  
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These Suits are made of good quality broadcloth, in black, blue and  
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orately trimmed with tailor-stitch straps, taffets lined. Skirts  
are 15 gored, high kilted effects... \$18.98

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IN SAME PERIOD  
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Atterbury System  
Clothes  
Choice of any \$35, \$40  
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